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I would dock my rocket in that space station

by Tokine

Summary

In which in some strange au, physics pick up lines actually work. (aka the Ike/Marth teacher au you didn't know you didn't want)

“I would dock my rocket in that space station.” It’s out of Ike’s mouth before he can control it.

Shit.

Wow, okay, at least he knew now how this first day would go. He’s dressed for success, with his starchiest khakis (pressed to perfection, he thinks) and shirt with only one button left undone to prove he takes himself seriously but still is a fun guy. Fun guy, he muses, and makes the inevitable fungi joke to himself before realizing he doesn’t even teach biology and wayward thoughts had a way of slipping off his tongue anyway. Better not establish a reputation as the weird new physics teacher. He’d put too much thought into finding a bunch of cool, hip lab experiments to do on the first day that would prove just how much fun physics was that he couldn’t just go and ruin his reputation on one attractive person, a colleague no less. Ike hears the most delicate little snort he’s ever heard to his left, and turned to meet the sound to come face to face with six feet of blonde hair and long legs.

“Ah, I see you’ve found Mr. Lowell?” It seemed the students had found him as well. One practically draped herself all over that man’s arm, blinking up at him with too-innocent eyes. Ike felt a surge of jealousy for his size (and age and self respect, among other things) disqualifying him from being able to pull that particular move off. After carefully extracting the student and sending her back into the waves of jealous ones who were too afraid to make their move, the

teacher in question nearly threw himself into the teacher's lounge where Ike was residing. "Come, let me introduce you!" Ike here was faced with two choices. One, he could completely disregard every lesson his father had taught him on respect and the proper way to treat those of a higher class (they're colleagues, he has to keep reminding himself, but somehow this woman exuded a royal air). Two, he could submit to the vice grip that had locked around his left bicep (Ike took pride in the face those hands could not encompass the entire muscle. Science was good and fun, but a sound body was the way to a sound mind. He thoroughly rejected the idea a muscled man could not be intelligent. Either way, those hours spent at the gym in between study sessions had not gone without reward.) and let himself be sheparded to his eventual embarrassment in front of what may be the most beautiful man he'd ever seen in his life. It seemed his time spent contemplating had allowed her enough time to delicately manhandle him to his doom. "Mr. Lowell!" Of course this woman was sugar and spice and everything nice. She was chirpy, even as students trudged through the seven o' clock haze. Ike had never caught her name. Well, that was the least of his worries, as he waged a war against his curiosity at keeping his eyes resolutely trained on the blue ones in front of him. No need to let his gaze wander now, especially not at the hints of collarbones that peeked at him underneath that thick woolen sweater.

"Good morning Ms. Toadstool!" That laugh Mr. Lowell released at the grimace on their companions face was doing nothing to settle the butterflies that were now were reaching terminal velocity in Ike's stomach.

"You'll forgive me if I address you less formally if you do in kind?" Ms. Toadstool had recovered quickly and now parried back. The words seemed to hold some kind of familiarity to the duo, because the man's response was just as swift.

"Ah, well if you insist Peach." He looked up at her through lidded eyelids in faux embarrassment. She'd drawn herself up to full height, dominating the man with merely one adjustment of her already perfect posture.

"The pleasure would be all mine, Marth." Marth. Ike finally had a name to sing along with the wedding bells crashing their tune into his head. Oh no, not quite wedding bells from the looks Peach was giving Marth. She'd even winked saucily at him! Ike had the sinking feeling he was intruding on a private moment. A not quite platonic moment either, from the way they'd been interacting. Ike internally started screaming. Of course he'd get caught making thoughtless comments in front of the person in question's girlfriend- or even worse, wife- when he was just focusing on starting the year off on the right foot. Ike resigned himself to a lifetime of loneliness and embarrassment. There was clearly no saving him. Of course, his savior came in the form of his colleague, his colleague because he was most certainly not referred to the attractive, intelligent young man in front of him as a crush. He wasn't sixteen anymore, and he was going to start acting like it, just as soon as he had a chance to catch his breath and quell the feeling curling up in his stomach.

"Ah, I'm sorry for you to have to witness that. My name is Marth Lowell, and I teach chemistry. And you?" Of course, he had to offer that tidbit of information up with a winning smile. Like Ike could even be upset and had to be won over, even. Pulling his best I'm-really-a-nice-guy-and-don't-have-these-muscles-because-I'm-a-serial-killer smile, Ike responded.

"My name is Ike Greil, and this is my first day teaching physics. I hope we can work well together." He bowed his head. Score one for Ike! He didn't stutter and managed to work in some of the training his father had pounded into his head. And when he looked up and saw that smile, Ike was resolved. He was going to call his father and send him a nice care basket from his favorite butcher of the finest meats money could buy. Peach's grip had loosened on his arm, but he didn't notice anything but that smile until she spoke again, clearly amused by Ike's transition from a

flustered mess to the rich baritone of a man confident in himself and his abilities. Boys. She couldn't live with them, and she couldn't live without pairing them up and wishing them to have a million babies (or atleast attempt to, images already filling her mind at just how much Marth would enjoy those broad shoulders and Ike would enjoy Marth's hidden flexibility. Yes, this would prove to be most interesting.).

"Come on Ike, we're colleagues! You can call me Peach, and I'm sure Mr. Lowell wouldn't mind at all," Marth, catching on to her game at her stress of those last two syllables, sent her a sharp glare, "if you called him Marth." The little deviant, she merely shrugged off the look like it was a common expression from him, and spared a glance at the clock. "Would you look at that? Homeroom starts soon, you two boys should be heading upstairs. I have to head over to the foreign language wing, but I'm sure Marth will be happy to show you to your classroom Ike! Have a wonderful day, both of you." She floated off after a particularly regal blown kiss. Ike didn't trust the manic giggles he heard reverberating off of the walls coming suspiciously from the exited teacher's direction.

"We should," Marth cleared his throat. "We should head up to the science wing." That was odd. That little cough was the closest Marth had gotten to uncomfortable in the entire fifteen minutes Ike had known him. Was he nervous because of the students that would inevitably be hanging themselves all over him for the day? Or because of Ike? If it was Ike, was it the good kind nervous, or the bad kind? Or was Ike just over thinking and Marth had something caught in his throat? Ike nearly sighed. His way of thinking, while erratic, was usually helpful for piercing through physics problems, ones that required several kinds of thinking and the possibility of multiple factors. However, that advantage didn't translate over into social skill. He'd often had trouble with being a bit of a worrywart because he could see all the possible outcomes from an action. He found himself enjoying the height advantage he had over Marth, his long strides easily falling into step with the other teacher's despite the advantage the other had of starting first. Marth filled the silence easily, a natural conversationalist and needed little prompting besides Ike's hums and monosyllabic answers, and chattered on about the general layout of the school, interjecting every so often with a wave and morning greeting for a friendly teacher or student that passed by. Ike found himself lost in that pull Marth radiated, like Marth was the sun and he was just another comet passing by. He hoped to make Marth a daily part of his orbit. He supposed then he'd have to be moving fairly quickly then, even if his orbit was on the surface of the sun, the circumference of that celestial body would still be quite the feat to cover in a day. Caught in his calculations and Marth's easy grace, Ike nearly walked into the door. "Oh, that's good," Marth grasped Ike's identification that doubled as a key to his classroom and he nearly had a heart attack. "We're neighbors. Have a good first day!" It was nearly impossible for Ike to reciprocate the sentiment, but he stuttered out what he hoped was an appropriate response before unlocking the door. Judging by the smirking faces of his students that had witnessed the entire incident, he wasn't quite so sure if he was successful.

No, he thought, as he heard the first telltale shatters and crackles of science gone wrong, this day certainly could get more hectic. Once he'd calmed his heart and had taken role he encountered no lack of character, from the boy stroking his balls under the desk (but since the balls were Pokeballs everyone thinks Ike's the pervert. Clearly, they've never had to explain centripetal motion while watching a boy rub at his jeans under his desk.), to the literal angel and his emo… brother? Cousin? And what kind of parent names their children 'Pit' and 'Dark Pit'? That was just setting them up for a life of competition. Ike was not for judging a book by its cover, but apparently those parents had hit the nail right on the head with their naming system. It's a blessing that Ike makes it until lunch.

Marth spends his lunch convincing himself to go visit Ike and then talking himself out of it. He wants the other man to be successful, and acclimating to the school would be a great first step.

Come to think of it, he doesn't remember showing Ike on his impromptu tour the teacher's lounge that he eats at during lunch. For all he knew, Ike could be wandering the school, hopelessly lost and unable to find his way back to his classroom. Marth didn't trust some students half as far throw them, especially not with expensive motion trackers and some of the heavy objects Ike kept in his lab for demonstrations. But would it be weird if Marth went to go visit him? He's obviously a nice guy, and it would be easy for him to make friends. The gym and female teachers would admire his muscles, the male teachers would be asking him tips on how he worked out, and who wouldn't want to set up joint labs with the physics teacher? The last teacher, who had thankfully retired, had never wanted to collaborate. Surely, Ike would be spending his lunch fending off various admirers as well, because he knew firsthand how some students didn't understand the student-teacher divide. If Marth went to visit Ike, would he be bothering him? He speared at his salad with extra venom, then wanted to apologize. It wasn't some plant's fault that he was being absolutely irrational about a colleague that he barely knew. Yes, he'd just wait this one out. No need to get his thoughts in a jumble just because an intelligent, attractive, single man had stumbled into his life just when he was thinking about pursuing a relationship again.

"Something on your mind?" Peach had the worst habit of magically appearing when Marth was having certain thoughts.

"Just pondering," Marth kept stabbing his napkin, as if he was expecting to pick up some lettuce instead of just poking more holes in the paper. Okay, so he was thinking, but what could be causing him all this distress? Peach absolutely hoped it was the hunky physics teacher from earlier. Marth didn't have a lot of fun, it would do him good to have a boyfriend. Or at least a date for Friday night! She'd lost track of how many times she'd went over to Marth's apartment and found him grading papers while his roommate Meta Knight did so as well. On the third Friday of every month, she'd given up on trying to take them out because they were too busy watching jousting tournaments. Jousting tournaments, of all things! But when she could, she'd dress them both up as well as she could, because getting either one of them to unbutton a single button on a collared shirt was near impossible, and take them out. There she was steadily hit on by boys and girls, and she watched them both out of the corner of her eye turn down everyone without giving them a single chance. They'd gone to poetry readings, local jams, even a gay bar once, and still nothing. (She'd completely given up on trying to understand the naming system in this particular town. Meta Knight? Really? Pokemon trainer? Those weird brothers/cousins/possibly dating (?) angels Pit and Dark Pit? Well, as long as they took her class seriously, she had no problems calling them by whatever their name was. She'd never been one to judge much, anyway.) Watching Marth get flustered over a guy was refreshing for a change, and watching him seem tortured between a decision to seek out the man and play it cool, was absolutely adorable.

"You know, I heard Captain Falcon talking about having Ike over during his free period for boot camp training." Boot camp training with Captain Falcon was no joke. Known for his infamous "Falco Punch!" workout that was said to tighten the core like no other exercise could, the man took his job as athletic trainer and gym teacher very seriously. Marth could just see the two buff men, chortling together as they lifted dumbbells double Marth's weight. He could just see it now, the physics teacher's spiked blue hair hanging just over his eyes and his skin glistening with sweat. Once again being forced to bring his mind back to school appropriate territory, Marth opted for a noncommittal hum.
"Good for him, I guess? Lunch is almost over, so I'm going to head upstairs." Peach was a bit put off that Marth wasn't going to open up to her, but wished him a good afternoon nonetheless. Even though they'd been friends through high school college and they both got employed at the same school, Marth was still secretive when something was troubling him. Maybe he hadn't worked out what the problem was yet, something that could be almost as irritating as the real problem itself. He'd work through it though, in his own time.

As time went on, Ike found more and more reasons to like Marth. From his dainty little laugh he'd hide behind his hand when he was uncomfortable with people, to the full on roar when something actually amused him and he felt comfortable with the person in question. (Ike was pleased to note that they were firmly in 'real laugh' territory. He'd recited anecdote after anecdote of experiments gone wrong, some a little bit embellished, from his college years just to hear that laugh. Despite the embarrassment, it definitely brought them closer together. Much closer, because after explaining countless stories of his ineptitude with chemicals he'd gotten a one-on-one chemistry lesson with Marth. He wasn't sure if he wanted to die of happiness after that one, or if his flaming cheeks and rebelling stomach would do him in first.) Ike also had the pleasure of seeing a casual Marth at home. Meta Knight had invited him over after learning about their similar interest in swordplay and jousting, and he'd been most pleasantly surprised when Marth plopped in the conversation with his coffee and opinions to add. After one conversation that included a lot of bickering and a fair amount of impromptu demonstrations, Ike had received an indefinite invitation over on third Friday of the month for tournament watching. It was the sweetest torture there, having fun with his friends, but also the feeling of the three men crammed on the couch, Marth and Ike squeezed together shoulder to shoulder while Meta Knight lounged on their laps. Marth would fall asleep in the middle of conversations sometimes, once the tournament had finished and they stayed up late talking technique and style for the fighters. If that wasn't cute enough, it seemed that Marth liked to cuddle in his sleep, and Ike was his human teddy bear of choice. Those nights were most adorable, heartbreaking things Ike had ever done, prying the man's hands off of his chest or untwining them from around his neck, and carrying him over to his bed. Oh, how the sleeping form of Marth tempted Ike, and he thought just how easy it would be to press kisses onto that forehead or climb into the bed with the man and cuddle until morn. But no, he held himself back every time, and after a whispered 'good night' to Meta Knight, Ike would be on his way.

Meta Knight was tired of the men dancing around each other. "Marth, may I ask you a personal question?" He was tired of musing over his oatmeal every morning about his roommate and new friend. After receiving an affirmative nod and curious look, Meta Knight pressed on. "You weren't asleep all those times, were you?" One blush told it all. Marth knew exactly what he was talking about.

"To be fair, I was asleep the first time it happened. You told me, remember?" And how could Meta Knight forget? He'd called Peach and recounted the entire story to her, despite his occasional annoyance with the woman, and the two had partnered up in their quest to get Marth to admit to his feelings. Now that his suspicions were confirmed, he could think of no reason for his roommate not to confess. He was pretending to be asleep just so he could cuddle with his crush for ten minutes once a month, for goodness's sake! Perhaps if the man agreed to go on a date, Peach would stop bothering them when he was trying to grade papers on weekend nights. Yes, he was an attractive man in his twenties and he had plenty of fun in his life. No, his idea of fun was not gay bars. And no, there was nothing wrong with wanting to be responsible and get his work done, Friday night or not. Back to Marth's love life, he couldn't imagine what was holding his roommate back from talking to Ike. Clearly, the feeling was reciprocated, and they were only wasting time dancing around each other. He sighed. Marth could make things so difficult when they didn't need to be.

"At risk of sounding like Peach," A little shudder there. Meta Knight hoped never to be reduced to that level of chirpy. He was a grown man, for goodness's sake. "I think you and Ike should talk. Maybe talk with each other at lunch today?" Despite the prodding, Marth still didn't invite Ike to lunch. He thought Ike was busy socializing with what must have been all of his other friends, otherwise known as the entire rest of the staff. So tournaments came and went, lab day went by each week with little to no injuries, and two science teachers thoroughly denied their attraction to each other.

It was finally time to take a break and get some lunch. Marth closed the door behind him, only to be stopped by the sound of what seemed to be furious scribbling with an expo marker. Peeking into classroom right next to his, he almost squealed at what a perfect opportunity this was.

“So this is where you’ve been hiding during your lunch period.” Marth took in the adorable sight before him. Hunky physics teacher gnawing on a chicken wing, hair tousled, a graphing calculator in one hand and an expo marker tucked behind his ear. He didn’t understand the equations beyond the third line of work, despite the fact he’d taken classes in physics for years. “So are you figuring out the secrets of the universe or what?” Marth smirked as he settled himself on the desk closest to the white board. Judging by the conflicted look on the other man’s face- stuck between spending time with Marth or figuring out whatever problem had been bugging him- he could have a lot of fun with this.

“Oh, just ah,” Ike spared a glance back at the board. Marth’s collarbones be damned, he was going to figure out this problem! He severely doubted his ability to get anything done under these conditions. “Just working on a little extra curricular work. One of my buddies works at the space station and he sends problems up to me when he wants an extra set of eyes to look at it.” The deity above had to be testing him. There should be no way that someone could be that cute, even doing silly little everyday actions like stretching. That centimeter of porcelain skin from the bottom of his sweater to the top of his pants was etched into his memory, just by that one stretch. And there was no way Marth even knew how cute he was being right now! Marth probably was worried about him and had a genuine interest in physics and Ike’s imagination was spoiling a perfectly innocent moment. It was totally unfair that Ike had to sit and pretend he was thinking about physics while his imagination ran away from him. He huffed a little bit.

“You should take a break. You’re looking a little frustrated.” Was Marth being a little cruel? Yes. Was he going to stop teasing? Absolutely not. He swung his legs over the desk and sauntered over behind the other man, hypnotizing the other into submission with the easy sway of his hips. After skimming their way along Ike’s shoulders, Marth’s fingertips settled into a slow rhythm, pressing circles into the tense muscle.

“Marth?” Ah, his voice was quivering, after a simple shoulder massage, no less. The playful man hummed in response. Ike was torn. His friends didn’t usually give each other shoulder massages, and he couldn’t imagine their hands being this talented. Was this just something Marth was doing because he looked stressed? He didn’t seem like a very physical person, but Ike had no idea if he grew up in a family that hugged and kissed platonically. It sure didn’t seem platonic, but how could Marth know his hips swung in such a alluring fashion when he walked? He didn’t want to misconstrue the entire situation and make things weird with his closest colleague and a great friend of his, but he desperately wanted to view the situation in a romantic light. “I... uh, don’t know how really to put this, but I think you’re hotter than a Bunsen burner set to full power.” Crap, crap, crap, fuck the fingers stopped moving and Ike knew he was going to get decked. This was a terrible, terrible, horrendous idea.

“What did you say?” Ike feared looking behind him to see the expression on the other man’s face. He’d ruined everything and now he was going to die from embarrassment and it was all because he couldn’t keep his stupid mouth shut. “Ike, answer me. What did you just say?”

“I think that we swallowed opposite ends of a magnet because I’m really attracted to you.” Ike could not get any smaller. He was going to curl up into a ball and cry. Then he was going to curl up into an even smaller ball and cry some more. After that he was going to pack up his belongings and leave the country. After leaving the country, more crying would commence.

“Are you really confessing to me with cheesy physics pick up lines?” Marth didn’t sound mad?

Why didn’t he sound mad? Where was the punch to the face Ike had been readying himself for?

“Yes?” Ike spared a hopeful look over his shoulder. Please, let the Earth take pity on Ike and just swallow him whole. Unless Marth was going to agree to a date. If that was the case, he didn’t want any spontaneous Earth swallowing of his person.

“Are you asking me or are you telling me?” Ike knew that tone of voice! He thanked every deity he knew and sent well wishes to the other ones. If Marth was going to tease him, that meant he wasn’t going to renounce their friendship and any possibility of them ever dating.

“I’m asking you for a date this Friday actually.” Marth was pleased, it seemed Ike had regained his confidence. It had taken him long enough!

“I suppose since you asked so sweetly.” His fingers, which had long since stopped massaging, trailed their way across Ike’s back to his chest as Marth walked around the seated man to see him face to face. “I’m going to kiss you now. If you make a physics analogy out of this, I won’t do it again.” Warning proficiently issued, Marth slipped two fingers under Ike’s chin and angled the man’s face up. Thank goodness he wasn’t too shocked to reciprocate, Marth thought, but it was only until he felt those fingers threading through his hair that he realized, yes, he was still at work and no, he was not that kind of man. He drew back and pressed his forehead against Ike’s. “Pick me up at six.” He sauntered out of the room, but an unfortunate desk placement (and the fact he was most definitely not thinking straight in every sense of the term) caused him to trip. Marth only smiled as Ike rushed over, already babbling about carrying him to the nurse. (The carrying part would be welcome. The nurse part, not so much.) “You know Ike, even if there wasn't any gravity on Earth, I think I still would be falling for you.” It was cheesy, it was absolutely not Marth’s style at all, but it was completely worth it to see the look on Ike’s face. A broad smile pulling at the man’s face, Ike leaned over to steal a chaste kiss. After seeing Marth to his classroom (at this point, it was only a five meter walk, but Ike was taught always to walk his date to the door. He wasn’t really sure if the rule applied to classrooms, especially if the one in question is the one next door, but politeness was always preferable, he thought.) Ike had a little time to muse as his class trickled in. Maybe, he thought, physics pick up lines weren’t so bad after all.

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